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The Castle



201 13 15

Chapter 1 by Supercomicbookgirl

Rules and regulations were never something for me, I felt sick at the thought alone, but now I've found a loophole through my own royal system, a room in the castle only I know about: The dungeon.

Chapter 2 by A-TypeWriter



Of course people knew there was an extra room in the castle, but only I knew of its actual purpose. It is your typical torture dungeon: dimly-lighting torches on the wall, instruments of pain and your average 'no one will notice if he goes missing' person.

You can call me sadistic, but it's not like it's my profession or something like that.

It's a hobby.

A very, very dark hobby

And now I'll tell you how it all came to this.

Chapter 3 by Lieutenant Latte



They took her away from me. I had to lose her when they could have saved her.

None of it will ever change. No matter how many times I am linked by their most new and naive recruits, will tell the public each year, and how the priestesses of the Sun Goddess will console those who are left behind.

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I will save her at one point though.

And the only way to do it? Become one of them.

A wheezing sound broke my reverie. I set knives I had been sharpening down. I wondered when my heart will be as rust covered as these blades; too dark too reflect anything good or pure under illumination.

Her pulsing neck reminded me of the steamed bun I had for breakfast beneath my grip. It must have been all the sweat.

"There now." I didn't bother to hide my irritation. "You ask 'why, why, why' nonstop for over a month but will break my flow of thought whenever the mood strikes you. A bit rude, wouldn't you say?"

"You don't have to do this." She rasped.

"If I didn't have to then why would I be going through all this trouble in the first place? Keep up, woman!"

She smirked. "Going by that logic, you did call this a hobby and 'not your profession or anything.'"

I laughed. "I knew I liked you. Might not always know why of course."

"I can't imagine. You called me your pet 'nonstop for over a month.' People do like their pets."

"If this is some elaborate plan of yours to stir pity in my heart, it won't work."

She bowed her head but the glimmer of her teeth betrayed a smile.

I yanked her chin back up. The chains around her limbs rattled from the violence. Hard eyes met mine.

I loathed her for the way she could make my heart beat again, pumping through the rust I had already so painstakingly collected.

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"That's what's funny" She

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The sharp crack echoed throughout the chamber. My hand stopped past her face as I tried to savor the blood now pouring from her lip.

“Damn that hurts.” She was smirking again. “But don’t let me interrupt you again. Tell me more about how you’ll go about saving her. And especially tell me about how, when you do, you’ll go about explaining how you kidnapped and tortured her best friend to do it.”

I snatched up the tongs and she screamed.

“I won’t be.”

The smell of burning flesh and hair clogged the dungeon. I glanced toward the narrow window above us. The moonlight was still white. But the moon was blood red. I was close. So close.

“It’s not about torturing a whole bunch of random nobodies and putting on a show while you’re at it.”

I turned sharply to her.

“You need to be able to hurt her.”

The chains clinked again and I was on my back.

Malnourished, she stood on trembling legs. Her bloodstained robes hung in tatters around her. “And not even daring to lay a hand on a priestess will show anyone how bad you are.”

“So what will?” I couldn’t help but challenge.

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